



**image**

**48**  
**MAY** DIGITAL  
EDITION

# SPAWN



TONY  
DANIEL  
JIM  
CONRAD  
T. BOGER



**image**® COMICS PRESENTS:

# "THE SYSTEM"



story

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#### Spawn #47 Summary:

At Spawn's request, Tremor drags Scambino, one of Twist's thugs, to the alley for interrogation. Meanwhile, Clown lets Wynn know of Spawn's return, and should be attacked now in his weakened state. Realizing that he must use his brains to impress Malebolgia, Clown enlists Wynn to bring down Spawn. At the same time, deep within Rat City, Cog finds a barricade built by Spawn, and wonders if Spawn's costume has overpowered its master. Later that evening, Tremor visits Twist as he is still haunted by the news that his brother, David, could be alive. There he discovers first hand that David works for Twist. Just as Tremor finds himself cornered, Spawn arrives and warns Twist, once again, to stay away from Wanda. Taking David with them, Tremor and Spawn leave Twist's security force in shambles.

**FOR IMAGE COMICS**  
**LARRY MARDER - exec. director**

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AT EIGHTEEN FEET, THE OFFICE CEILINGS ARE IMPRESSIVE, GIVING THE ROOM AN IMMENSE DEPTH. THE WALL PANELS ARE IMPORTED CHERRY-WOOD; BEHIND THEM, BANKS OF RETRIEVAL, SURVEILLANCE AND SECURITY SYSTEMS. FEATURED IN THE DECOR ARE STATUARY AND FURNITURE OF A PATRICIAN, VAGUELY CONDESCENDING STYLE, LAID UPON LUSH ORIENTAL CARPETING.

VERY FEW OFFICES CAN MATCH IT. BEING A CLOSE CONFIDANT TO THE PRESIDENT AND OTHER WORLD LEADERS DOES CARRY FRINGE BENEFITS. UNLIKE OTHER GOVERNMENTAL OFFICES BUILT TO THE SAME SPECIFICATIONS, THIS ONE BELIES ITS PURPOSE. RATHER THAN GIVING A SENSE OF HIGH PRESENCE AND ELEGANCE, THE LIGHTING HAS BEEN MODIFIED TO ILLUMINATE ONLY THE NECESSITIES. DEPENDING ON THE TIME OF DAY, IT APPEARS ALMOST AS A CANDLE-LIT FUNERAL PARLOR... OR AT NIGHT, A BLACK HOLE.

C.I.A. SECURITY HEAD JASON WYNN LIKES IT THAT WAY.



WE'VE PUT THE PROPER DOCUMENTS TOGETHER, ALONG WITH DENIABLY SUBSTANTIATED EVIDENCE. EVERYTHING TIES INTO A COHESIVE PRESENTATION THAT SHOULD CONVINCE THE RECIPIENTS THAT IT'S ALL FACTUAL.

WE PLAN ON MAKING THE DROP LATER TODAY.

EXCELLENT.

AND OUR OTHER INTERESTS...?

THE GUATEMALAN EMBASSY IS PREPARED TO HONOR YOUR REQUESTS. GENERAL HORTAS AND HIS STAFF ARE IN LINE WITH YOUR POSITION TO DEFY THE DEPOSED, TERRORIST LEADER. ADDITIONALLY, IN LIGHT OF THEIR PAST ENCOUNTERS WITH HIM, THE GENERAL HAS MADE READY EXTRA AIR SUPPORT FOR YOUR AGENTS.

IN FRANCE, SEVERAL OUTPOSTS OF THE RADICAL "PEOPLE FOR A NEW MONARCHY" HAVE BEEN...

THE LAUNDRY LIST OF RECENT U.S. INTELLIGENCE ACTIVITIES CONTINUES FOR ANOTHER HOUR.



"I DON'T WANT THEM TO KNOW WHAT DIRECTION YOU'RE COMING FROM."

HEY!  
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

TEN HOURS LATER, ON MANHATTAN'S LOWER EAST SIDE...

Um... SORRY ABOUT THAT, TWITCH. I SHOULD HAVE WARNED YOU. SOME OF THE SUPPLIES CAME IN EARLY YESTERDAY AND I DIDN'T WANT THEM JUST LYING AROUND.

SO I JUST STUFFED EVERYTHING IN THERE.

SO I SEE.

SO ANYWAYS, THIS IS WHERE OUR SECRETARY WILL SIT, ONCE WE'RE BUSY ENOUGH TO AFFORD ONE.

IN THE MEANTIME, I THOUGHT WE COULD JUST PUT A DESK AND A FEW FILE CABINETS OUT HERE AND TELL OUR CLIENTS SHE'S ON AN EXTENDED LUNCH BREAK.

EXPLAIN TO ME AGAIN, SIR, WHY YOU HAD TO DECIDE ON THIS SPACE SO QUICKLY?

THE REALTOR SAID SHE HAD OTHER BITES. IT WAS GOING TO GO **FAST!**

I'M SURE.

COME ON! I WANT TO SHOW YOU OUR OFFICE.

Oh my GOD!  
**TWITCH!!**



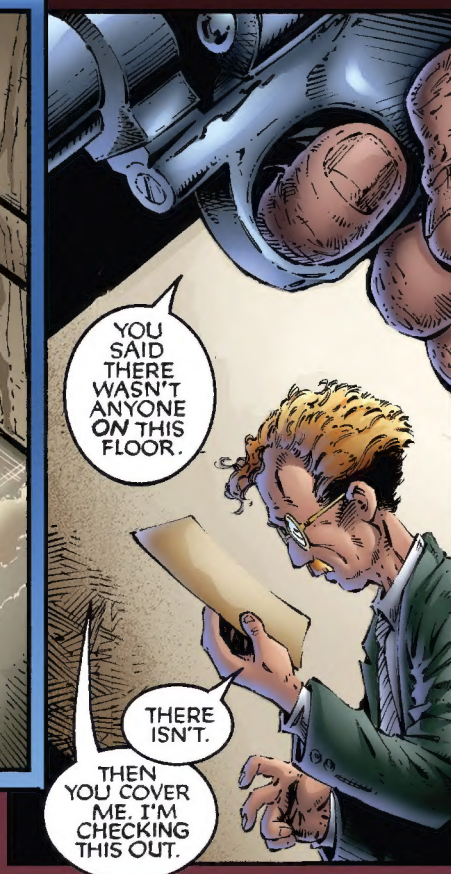






THE LULL OF THE MOMENT ENDS ABRUPTLY. BOTH DETECTIVES TURN INSTINCTIVELY, ALERTED BY A HUSHED SCRATCHING.

THE PACKET STOPS A FEW FEET INSIDE THE OFFICE.



YOU SAID THERE WASN'T ANYONE ON THIS FLOOR.

THERE ISN'T.

THEN YOU COVER ME. I'M CHECKING THIS OUT.



THEY TARGET-SWEEP THE ENTIRE LEVEL.

NOTHING!

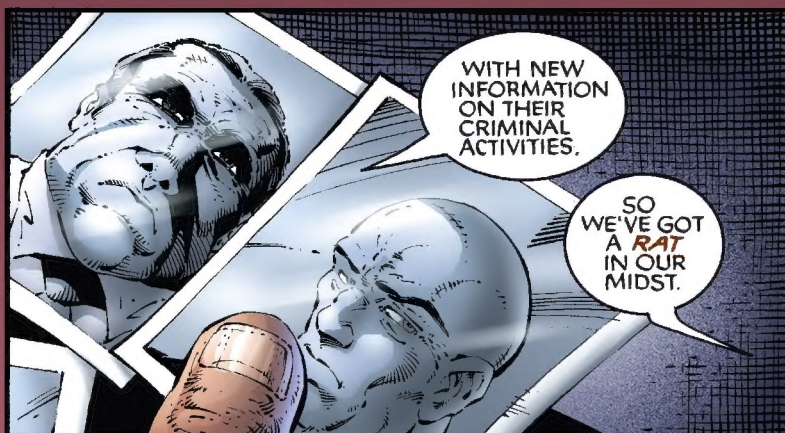
CRIPES! WHO THE HELL KNEW WE'D **BE** HERE?



I DON'T HAVE THAT ANSWER, SIR.

BUT IT APPEARS SOMEBODY HAS A GRUDGE AGAINST THE MEN IN CHIEF BANKS' CIRCLE OF FRIENDS WHO WE TRIED TO EXPOSE. \*EVERY ONE WHO WAS CLEARED OF INVOLVEMENT IS HERE.

\*ISSUE 43--Tom.



WITH NEW INFORMATION ON THEIR CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES.

SO WE'VE GOT A **RAT** IN OUR MIDST.



IT APPEARS SO. BUT A FEW NEW PIECES HAVE ALSO BEEN ADDED.





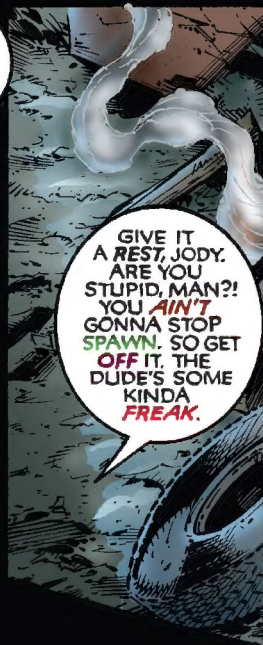
YEAH!  
I HEARD  
THAT,  
TOO.

THINKS  
HE CAN KEEP  
COMING AND  
GOING LIKE  
HE'S SOME  
BIG SHOT!

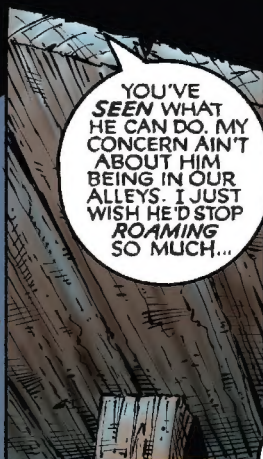
**HEY  
BOBBY!**  
WHAT DO  
YOU *KNOW*  
ABOUT YOUR  
SO-CALLED  
PAL?



WE DON'T  
NEED THAT.  
NOT HIM  
OR HIS  
TROUBLES!



GIVE IT  
A REST, JODY.  
ARE YOU  
STUPID, MAN?!  
YOU *AIN'T*  
GONNA STOP  
**SPAWN**. SO GET  
**OFF** IT. THE  
DUDE'S SOME  
KINDA  
**FREAK**.



YOU'VE  
*SEEN* WHAT  
HE CAN DO. MY  
CONCERN *AIN'T*  
ABOUT HIM  
BEING IN OUR  
ALLEYS. I JUST  
WISH HE'D STOP  
**ROAMING**  
SO MUCH...



"THEN  
I'D BE  
ABLE TO GO  
WHERE HE  
WASN'T.

NOTHING.  
I-- I DIDN'T  
EVEN  
KNOW HE'D  
RETURNED.



**WHAT?!**

YOU MEAN  
TO TELL ME  
HE HASN'T  
SAID *NOTHIN'*  
TO YOU? WHAT  
KINDA FRIEND  
IS THAT?

WHY DON'T  
YOU AND  
BOOTSY SMELL  
THE COFFEE.  
HE DON'T GIVE  
A CRAP  
ABOUT  
YOU.





SEE, WHERE  
I COME FROM,  
THERE'S NO SUCH  
THING AS A **PART-**  
**TIME** PAL. YOU LET  
PEOPLE YOU LIKE  
KNOW YOU'RE  
IN TOWN.

EXCEPT  
YOU'RE OVER-  
LOOKING SOMETHING  
FELLAS, AL ISN'T LIKE  
THE **REST** OF US. SO  
HE DON'T HAVE TO ACT  
OR DO ANYTHING  
THAT MAKES  
SENSE TO US.

RIGHT,  
BOOTSY! AL'S  
EARNED WHATEVER  
LIFESTYLE HE  
WANTS. IT SEEMS  
A FEW OF US HAVE  
FORGOTTEN WHAT  
WE WERE LIKE  
WHEN WE FIRST  
ARRIVED.

OH,  
**PLEASE!**  
CAN THE  
SARCASM,  
BOBBY. YOU  
WHAT TO  
BE SUCKED  
INTO HIS  
CHARADE...  
GOD **BLESS**  
YOU!

TO BOBBY  
AND BOOTSY!  
WHIPPING  
BOYS TO AL,  
THE **KING OF**  
**BLOOD.**

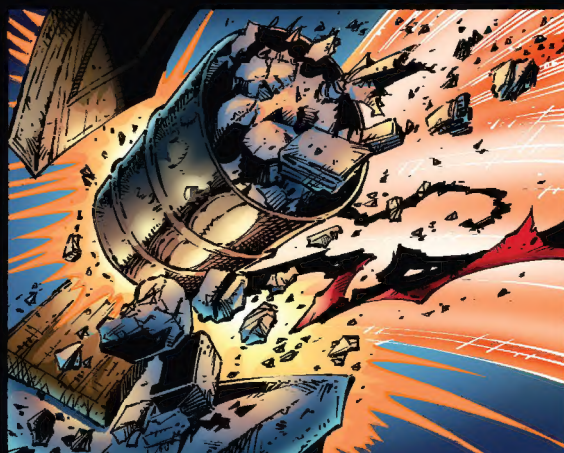
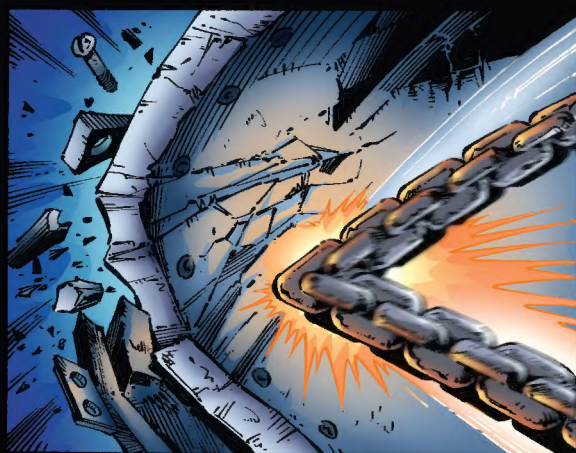
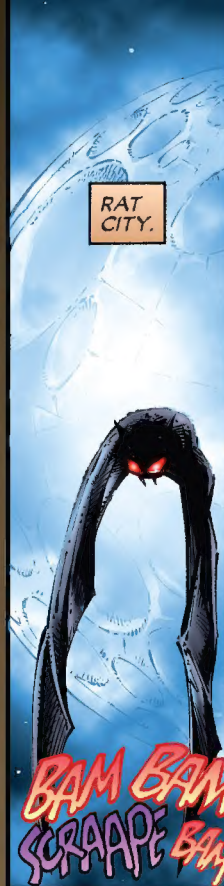
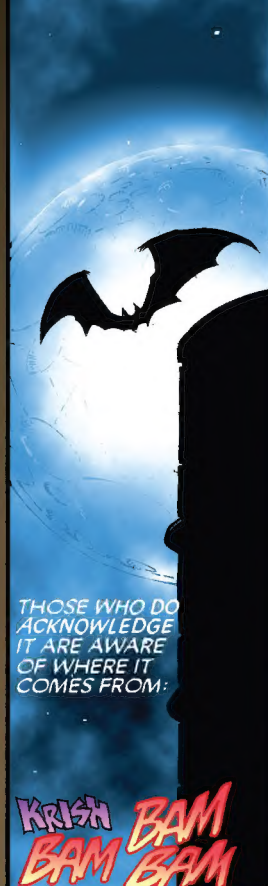
BELCH

HA  
HA  
HA  
HA  
HAA


HERE!  
HERE!

I'LL  
DRINK  
TO THAT...





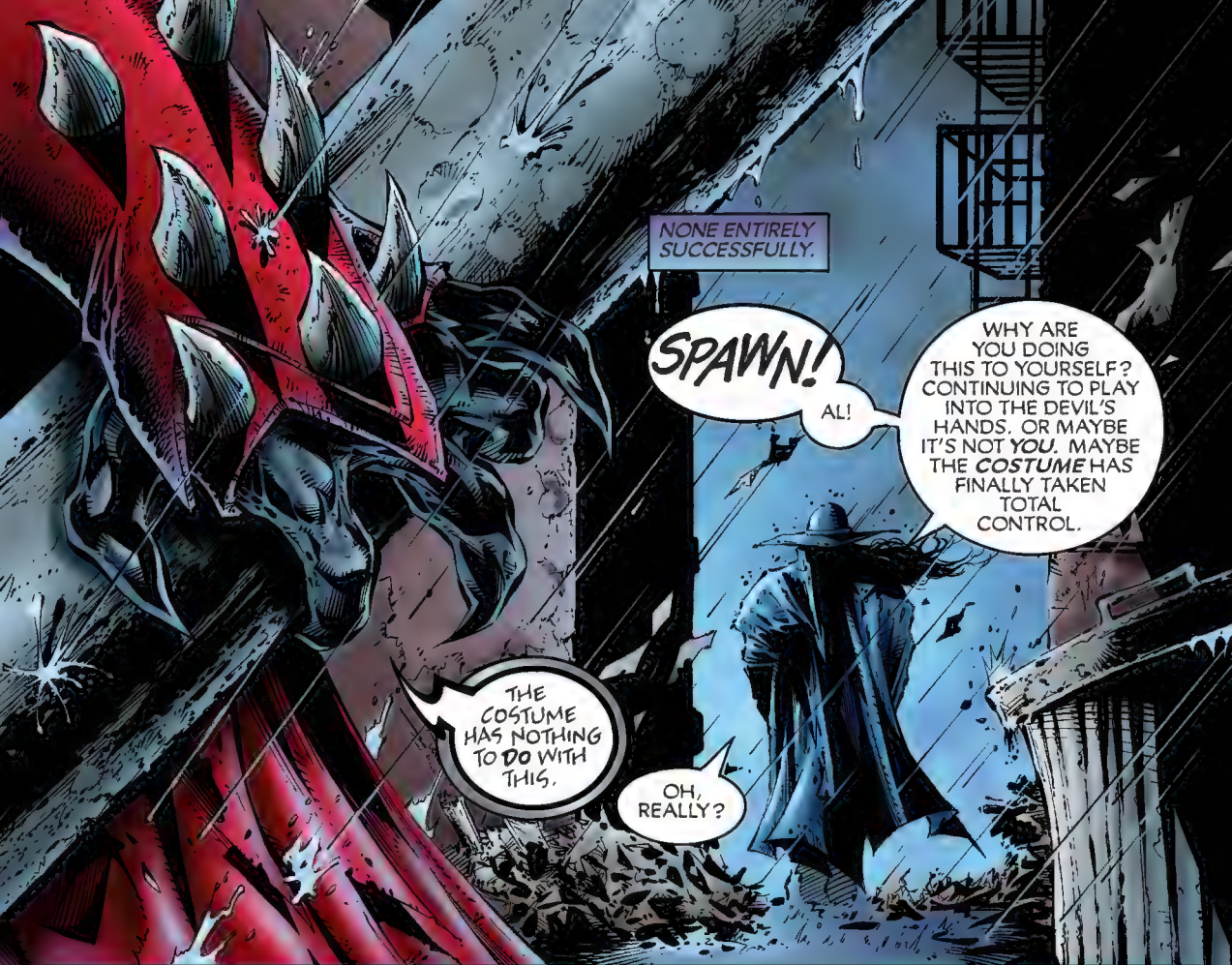




A PLACE EVEN  
THE HARD-CASE  
SOCIOPATHS  
FEAR.

A PLACE  
WHERE DARK  
SOULS ATTEMPT  
TO VANISH.





NONE ENTIRELY  
SUCCESSFULLY.

**SPAWN!**

AL!

WHY ARE  
YOU DOING  
THIS TO YOURSELF?  
CONTINUING TO PLAY  
INTO THE DEVIL'S  
HANDS. OR MAYBE  
IT'S NOT YOU. MAYBE  
THE **COSTUME** HAS  
FINALLY TAKEN  
TOTAL  
CONTROL.

THE  
COSTUME  
HAS NOTHING  
TO DO WITH  
THIS.

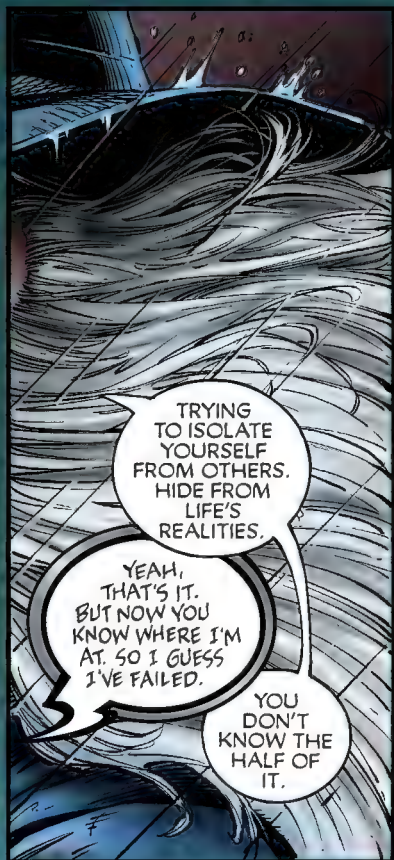
OH,  
REALLY?



YES!



SO YOU'RE  
PURPOSELY  
BUILDING THIS  
PRISON ON  
YOUR OWN.

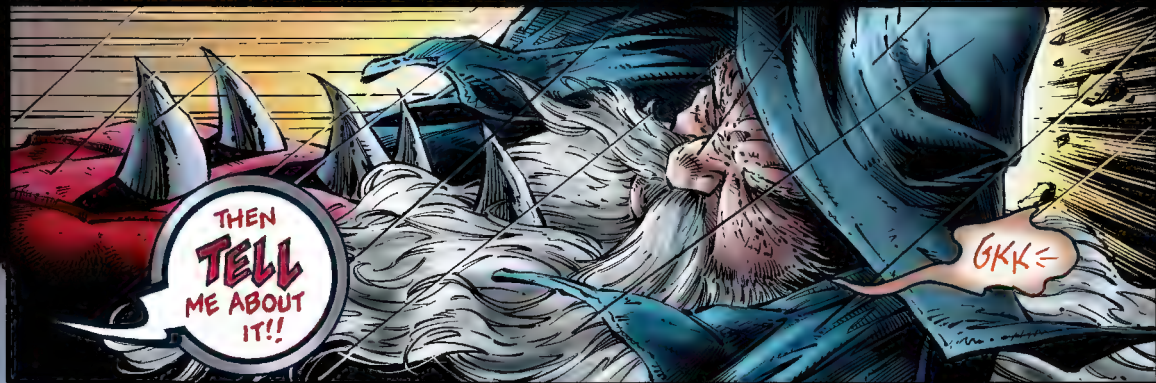


TRYING  
TO ISOLATE  
YOURSELF  
FROM OTHERS.  
HIDE FROM  
LIFE'S  
REALITIES.

YEAH,  
THAT'S IT.  
BUT NOW YOU  
KNOW WHERE I'M  
AT. SO I GUESS  
I'VE FAILED.

YOU  
DON'T  
KNOW THE  
HALF OF  
IT.





THEN  
**TELL**  
ME ABOUT  
IT!!

GKK=



I'M GETTING  
SICK AND  
**TIRED** OF YOU.  
POPPING UP  
WHenever YOU  
FEEL LIKE IT...  
PREACHING YOUR  
GODDAMN  
MYSTERIES...!

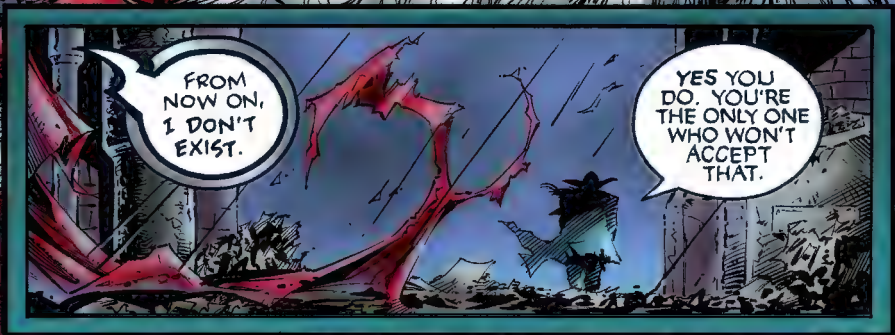
YOU HAVE  
SOMETHING  
TO ME, THEN  
**SAY** IT!!



OTHERWISE,  
GET THE HELL  
OUT OF  
HERE.

WH- WHY  
ARE YOU  
DOING  
THIS?

BECAUSE  
I'M TOO EASY A  
TARGET. TREMOR, OVERT-  
KILL. THE CURSE. **EVERYONE**  
SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE TO  
FIND ME. WELL, NOT  
ANY MORE!



FROM  
NOW ON,  
I DON'T  
EXIST.

YES YOU  
DO. YOU'RE  
THE ONLY ONE  
WHO WON'T  
ACCEPT  
THAT.



QUEENS.  
THE NEXT  
EVENING..

WHAT WAS I  
THINKING? TELLING  
THEM I'D HELP  
REORGANIZE THE  
BOOKS FOR THE  
AUDITORS.

BUT, NOOO!  
I'M NOT CONTENT TO  
JUST MAKE SURE ALL  
PAPERWORK FOR THE  
CONSTRUCTION OF THE  
HOSPITAL'S NEW  
CHILDREN'S WING  
GETS DONE.

NOPE. THAT ALL-  
CONSUMING TASK  
WASN'T ENOUGH. I  
NEEDED MORE. AND  
SARAH EVEN TRIED  
TO TALK ME OUT  
OF IT--TWICE.

I SHOULD  
HAVE LISTENED  
TO HER.

ALL THIS  
FINANCIAL STUFF  
IS STARTING TO  
LOOK THE SAME.  
MAYBE I SHOULD  
CALL...

OH,  
NO!

THAT'S  
*IT*.  
I GIVE  
UP!

I SWEAR  
I DON'T  
KNOW  
HOW  
TERRY  
DOES IT.

REQUISITIONS.  
LOAN COLATERALIZA-  
TION. BACKGROUND  
CHECKS. AT LEAST HIS  
ARE FOR SECURITY  
REASONS. *OURS*  
ARE FOR CHARITY  
DONATIONS...!



C.I.A. HEAD-  
QUARTERS,  
MANHATTAN.

AGENT TERRY  
FITZGERALD  
WAITS FOR HIS  
GLOBAL SEARCH  
TO LOCATE THE  
REQUESTED  
DATA.

IF ALL GOES WELL, HE'LL NOW  
HAVE ACCESS TO FILES THAT  
HAVE BEEN RE-ROUTED AND  
ENCODED TO NESTLE QUIETLY  
IN OBSCURE SUB-DIRECTORIES.

A LOOP HAD BEEN SET  
UP TO DIVERT ANY  
INQUIRIES INTO ANOTHER,  
SIMILAR, LOCATION.

TERRY'S HOPING THAT  
HIS ENDLESS OVERTIME  
HOURS WILL FINALLY  
BEAR FRUIT.

C'MON, BABY.  
DON'T CRASH  
ON ME NOW.

MY GOD.

IT *IS* WYNN! I  
KNEW IT! THE  
INCONSISTENCIES  
IN A FEW ARMA-  
MENT SHIPMENTS  
LEAD BACK HERE  
... TO *HIM*.

PERFECT! I  
WAS BEGINNING  
TO THINK I'D  
NEVER SORT  
THROUGH HIS  
DEFENSES.

NOW I JUST  
HAVE TO FIND A  
WAY TO NAIL HIS  
ASS TO THE WALL.  
BUT WITH THE...

?  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?

HE RUBS HIS  
EYES REPEAT-  
EDLY. AFTER  
A MINUTE  
THE BLURRING  
CLEARS UP.

FOR WEEKS NOW,  
TERRY HAS BEEN  
IGNORING HIS BODY'S  
SIGNS THAT SOME-  
THING MAY BE  
WRONG. HE'S BEEN  
ABLE TO RATIONALIZE  
ALL OF IT AWAY.

EVEN NOW HE TELLS HIM-  
SELF THAT THE COMPUTER  
MONITOR IS PUTTING A STRAIN  
ON HIS EYES-- NOTHING MORE,  
NOTHING LESS. HE'S BEEN OBSESSED  
WITH TRYING TO PROVE THAT HIS  
BOSS IS INVOLVED IN TREASONOUS  
EXTRA-GOVERNMENTAL ACTIVITIES.

IN THE PROCESS, HIS PRIORITIES  
HAVE BEEN DRIFTING AWAY FROM  
HIS OWN BEST INTERESTS.



HE'LL COME TO REGRET THAT.

JULIA, COULD I GET YOU TO DO ME A FAVOR?

SURE. WHAT DO YOU NEED?

CAN YOU FILE THIS STACK AWAY? I THINK I'VE FOUND WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR.

I HOPE IT'S SOMETHING THAT'LL HELP US BOTH OUT. RIGHT, TERRY?

UM... YES, SIR.

SO WHAT **EXACTLY** HAVE YOU PIECED TOGETHER...? MORE INFORMATION ON SPAWN, I HOPE. THE PRESIDENT'S AIDES HAVE BEEN HUNGRY FOR SOME CONCRETE ANSWERS TO HIS RECENT TERRORIST ATTACK.\*

\*ISSUE #36 -- TOM.

THEY SEEM TO BELIEVE HE'S WORKING IN CONNECTION WITH SOME FOREIGN MILITIA.

A FEW MORE DETAILS SHOULD SATISFY THEM, DON'T YOU THINK.

YES, SIR.

I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE BEEN QUITE AGGRESSIVE TRYING TO SORT THROUGH THIS MESS.

I WANT TO BE ABSOLUTELY POSITIVE BEFORE YOU GET MY FINAL REPORTS.

EXCELLENT. I'LL BE ANXIOUS TO READ THEM.

THEY'LL BE ON YOUR DESK AS SOON AS I'M SURE.



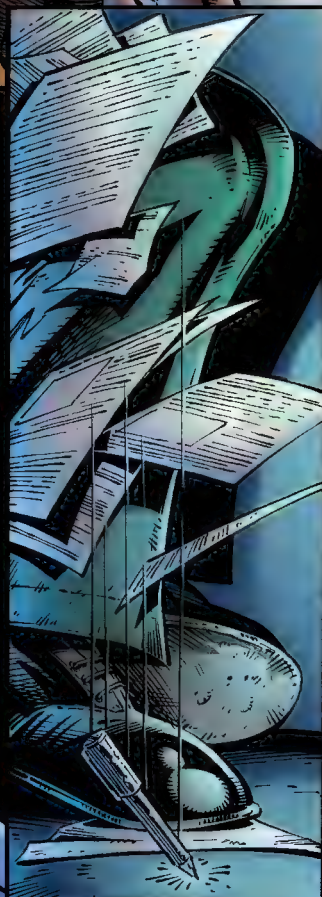
CAN YOU HOLD  
MY CALLS FOR  
THE REST OF THE  
DAY, JULIA.

YOU BET.  
WHAT  
ABOUT  
WANDA?

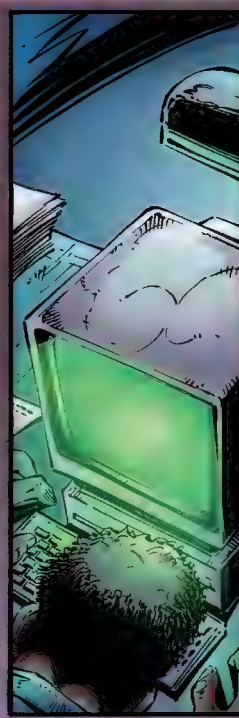
I'LL  
TAKE  
HERS.

GOT  
IT.

THAT WAS *TOO CLOSE*.  
IF WYNN WAS TO EVER FIND  
OUT I'VE BEEN DIGGING INTO HIS  
ACTIVITIES, I DON'T WANT TO  
*THINK* WHAT HE'S CAPABLE OF.  
IF I'M RIGHT, HE'S ALSO THE ONE  
WHO SET ME UP, MAKING EVERY-  
ONE THINK I WAS SOME KIND OF  
*MURDERER*\*... WHICH MEANS  
HE'S CONNECTED TO EVERY  
LEGAL AND ILLEGAL AGENCY  
IN THIS COUNTRY. IF I'M  
NOT CAREFUL...



\*ISSUES 20-24 -- TOM.



HEART  
RACING,  
TERRY  
WAKES  
FOUR  
MINUTES  
LATER. THIS  
TIME HE'S  
SCARED.  
WHY  
WOULD  
HE HAVE  
A BLACK-  
OUT, HE  
WONDERS.

AND THE  
BLURRED  
VISION?

SOMETHING  
IS TERRIBLY  
WRONG.

WITH A SHAKY  
QUICKNESS, HE  
CLEANS THE MESS  
AROUND HIS  
DESK, THEN  
LEAVES, TELLING  
NO ONE WHAT  
JUST HAPPENED

HE MENTIONS NOTHING TO  
WANDA. SHE'S ALREADY  
BEEN HARPING ON HIM TO  
CHECK WITH THE DOCTOR  
ABOUT HIS RECENT  
COUGHING FITS.

WITH ALL THE PRESSURE  
THAT'S BEEN IN THEIR  
LIVES OF LATE, HE DOESN'T  
WANT TO SCARE HER.

FOR HIMSELF, IT'S  
ALREADY TOO LATE.



Gasp!<=

Gasp!<=

Gasp!<=

Gasp!<=

ARE YOU GOING TO LIVE, SIR?

JUST GIVE ME A ~~Gasp!~~ SECOND TO CATCH MY BREATH. *Hee-Hee!* I CAN'T BELIEVE THE ELEVATOR WOULD DO THIS.

I DON'T BELIEVE YOUR EFFORTS TO PRY THE DOORS OPEN WOULD TRIGGER A HEART ATTACK.

THE GYM. I'VE GOT TO GET BACK. I'LL BE WITH YOU IN ANOTHER TEN SECONDS.

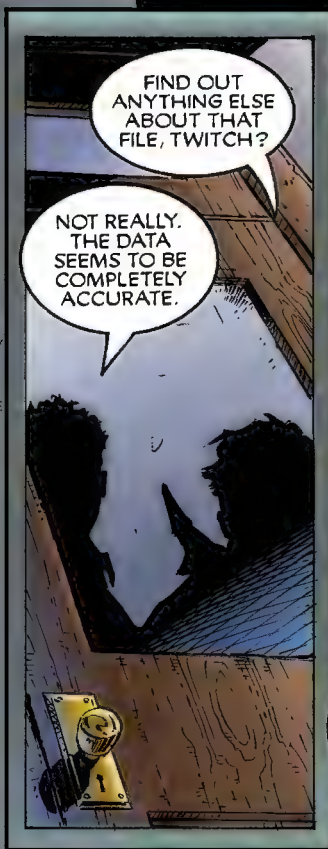
DON'T STRAIN YOURSELF.

EVENTUALLY THE DOORS ARE WORKED OPEN. BY THEN, DETECTIVES BURKE AND TWITCH ARE DEVOID OF ANY HUMOR.

WE DID IT!!

I'LL PHONE THE SUPER-INTENDANT TOMORROW MORNING. AND IF THIS ISN'T FIXED IN TWO DAYS, I'M DEDUCTING A MONTH'S RENT.





FIND OUT ANYTHING ELSE ABOUT THAT FILE, TWITCH?

NOT REALLY. THE DATA SEEMS TO BE COMPLETELY ACCURATE.



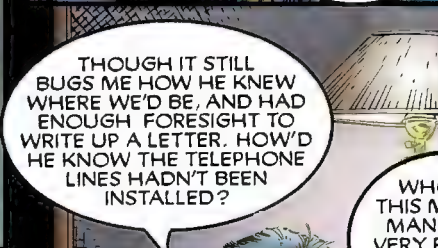
AND I'M ASSUMING THE NEW INFORMATION IS RELIABLE, ALSO.

SO WHAT NOW? DO WE MEET HIM LIKE HIS NOTE SAID?

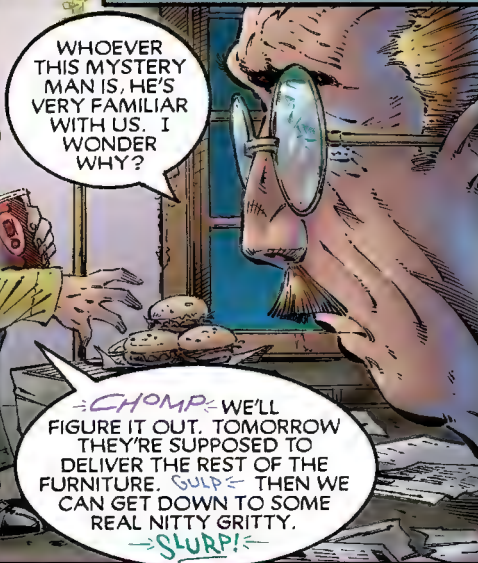
IT DOESN'T APPEAR WE HAVE ANY CHOICE.



WELL, WE'VE GOT TWO DAYS BEFORE THE MEETING. WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND SOMETHING.



THOUGH IT STILL BUGS ME HOW HE KNEW WHERE WE'D BE, AND HAD ENOUGH FORESIGHT TO WRITE UP A LETTER. HOW'D HE KNOW THE TELEPHONE LINES HADN'T BEEN INSTALLED?



WHOEVER THIS MYSTERY MAN IS, HE'S VERY FAMILIAR WITH US. I WONDER WHY?

CHOMP WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT. TOMORROW THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO DELIVER THE REST OF THE FURNITURE. GULP THEN WE CAN GET DOWN TO SOME REAL NITTY GRITTY.

SLURP!



WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN AND EAT, TWITCH?

I'VE LOST MY APPETITE SOMEHOW, SIR. I'LL EAT LATER.


SUIT YOURSELF.



UNBELIEVABLE.

HEY, WHADDYA THINK OF THE NEW 'FRIDGE? IT JUST CAME IN THIS MORNING.





IT'S BEEN GOING ON FOR OVER TWENTY MINUTES. AT FIRST THEY CRAWL IN EVERY DIRECTION, CANVASSING AS MUCH OF THE SYMBIOTE'S BEING AS POSSIBLE.

THEN, WHEN THEIR "AURA OF EVIL" HAS BEEN PASSED ON TO THE OUTER SHELL OF THE HELLSPAWN, THEY SLITHER UP TO THE BEING'S HIGHEST POINT.

THEY ARE THE WORMS. THE CARRIERS. GOD'S CREATURES, EVOLVED NOW... SPECIALIZED... TO ABSORB THE SINS OF THE LIVING AND TRANSFER THEM TO THE UNDEAD.

THOUGH HE FIGHTS IT, AL SIMMONS IS A SLAVE TO THIS NEW RITUAL. INTELLECTUALLY, HE IS AWARE OF THE PROCESS, BUT HE CANNOT PHYSICALLY CONTROL ANY OF IT.

THE SYMBIOTE MUST FEED ITSELF.

FORTUNATELY, IT WON'T MATTER. THE CEREMONY WILL CONCLUDE IN ANOTHER FEW MINUTES.



ELSEWHERE.

HEY!?

WHO BUILT  
THIS FRIGGIN' BON-  
FIRE? IT BARELY WARMS  
MY NOSE. MAN, AIN'T  
NO ONE GOT ANY  
CAMPING SKILLS  
AROUND HERE?

*BURRP!*

DO IT  
YOURSELF  
NEXT TIME,  
THEN.

YEAH, BOBBY.  
INSTEAD OF GET-  
TING PLASTERED,  
WHY DON'T YA  
DO SOMETHING  
CONSTRUCTIVE,  
LIKE PUT  
ANOTHER PIECE'A  
WOOD ON?

YOU'RE  
DRUNK,  
ORVILLE.

WELL,  
SO ARE  
YOU!

*→GASP!←*

YOU'RE RIGHT.  
*→BURP...!←* OH, THAT  
TASTED GOOD. NOW  
THAT YOU'VE  
REMINDED ME, IT'S  
TIME TO MAKE THE  
OL' BLADDER  
GLADDER.

BEING SOME-  
WHAT MODEST,  
BOBBY SEARCHES  
FOR A BIT OF A  
PRIVATE SPOT TO  
DO HIS BUSINESS.

GOD, I'M  
GONNA  
BURST.

UL?

*HGHK!*





WE  
HAVE TO  
TALK.

THE IMAGE  
SOBERS BOBBY  
INSTANTLY.

JEE-ZUS,  
AL! I THINK  
I CRAPPED  
MYSELF. WHAT  
THE HELL ARE  
YOU DOING  
HERE?


I NEED  
A FAVOR. SOME-  
THING'S HAPPENING  
TO ME, AND I CAN'T  
**STOP** IT, SO I HAVE TO  
DISAPPEAR FOR A WHILE.  
I DON'T KNOW HOW  
LONG. I NEED YOU  
TO TELL THE  
OTHERS I'VE  
LEFT.

BUT  
I'LL STILL BE  
AROUND. **YOU'RE**  
THE ONLY ONE  
WHO NEEDS  
TO KNOW  
THAT.

Um... THANKS,  
I GUESS.  
ANYTHING I  
CAN DO TO  
HELP?

NO,  
THIS IS MY  
PROBLEM.  
YOU'VE DEALT  
WITH ENOUGH  
OF MY FALL-  
OUT.





WHERE  
WILL YOU  
BE?

I CAN'T  
TELL YOU.  
AT LEAST NOT  
NOW. YOU'RE  
SAFER NOT  
KNOWING.

MY  
EXISTENCE  
SEEMS TO ATTRACT  
THINGS. UGLY THINGS.  
I'VE BECOME SOME DAMN  
MAGNET OF MISERY--  
WHICH WOULD BE FINE IF  
IT DIDN'T SPILL OVER,  
BUT I CAN'T CONTROL  
THAT. SO I HAVE  
TO HIDE.

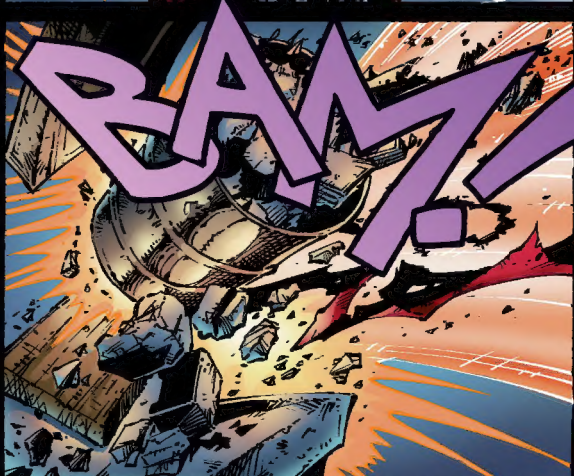
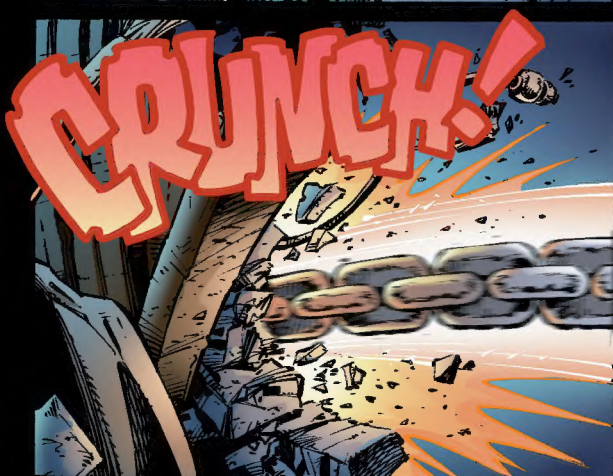
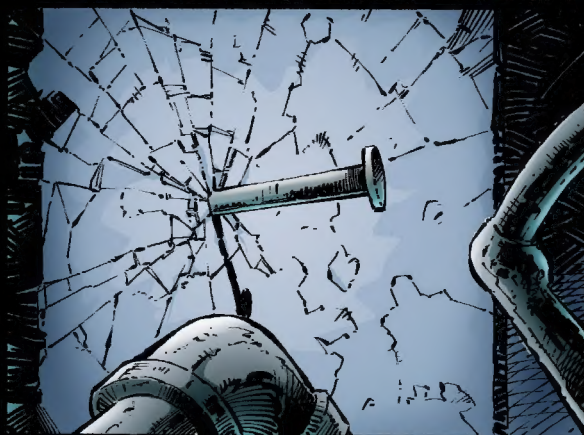
EVEN  
FROM  
YOU.

SEE,  
I WON'T  
LET YOU  
DIE A  
SECOND  
TIME.\*

GOOD-BYE,  
MY FRIEND.  
I HAVE WORK  
TO DO.

\* ISSUE #20--T.M.







WE EXPECT THE REQUESTED MEETING TO BE CONFIRMED WITHIN 48 HOURS. THE AREA WILL BE PROPERLY SECURED, AND OUR SURVEILLANCE TEAMS ARE ALREADY IN PLACE.

ADDITIONALLY, I'VE ESTABLISHED THAT ALL PARTIES INVOLVED ARE TO MAINTAIN A DISTANCE PRIOR TO THE MEETING SO AS NOT TO BRING ATTENTION TO THEMSELVES.

BEFORE I IMPLIMENT THESE ANY FURTHER, DO YOU REQUIRE ANY FURTHER ASSIGNMENTS BE DEVELOPED?

NO. THANK YOU.

ALL I NEED IN BRINGING ABOUT THE DEMISE OF OUR TWO FRIENDS IS **RIGHT HERE.**

VERY GOOD, SIR.

I'M TELLING YOU, JASON, THERE AIN'T **NOTHING** LIKE A GOOD **WITCH-HUNT.**







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE